

## THE SOFT COAL PERIL.

The coal strike enters upon its second week with no indication to enable the public to judge when it will end. Stocks of anthracite coal are low, but there is an ample supply of bituminous coal available. Just what the consequences would be to Greater New York from replacing hard coal with soft is an unpleasant subject of contemplation. One of the sights of New York greatly admired by the thousands of visitors to the dome of the Pulitzer Building is the spectacle of the myriads of beautiful plumes of white steam which rise above the roofs of the city. Each one of them attests the existence of a steam engine with a furnace somewhere down below and proves that if New York is the cleanest of all our large cities it is also the greatest coal user.

To transform this clean and beautiful city into a murky pit of soft coal smoke and soot and uncleanness, to make it even as Chicago, or St. Louis, or Pittsburgh, would mean not only a loss of beauty and a menace to health but also a tremendous destruction of property, not merely in dollars and cents, but in forms of property that could not be replaced.

Yet this is the prospect which is brought before us largely as the result of the refusal of the coal road presidents to consider the question of coming to an agreement with the miners or to recognize the principle of arbitration.

## AN AIR-TIGHT AGREEMENT.

The business correspondence of the Chicago packing firm of Armour & Co., taken in connection with the proceedings against the Beef Trust, make "mighty interesting reading."

One of the letters to an agent says:

The outsiders in this or that town are handling 40 per cent. of the business. This must be stopped. We must have an air-tight agreement.

It is not necessary to be a mind reader to understand the meaning of this letter. "Outsiders" are all competitors. The way to stop them is to drive them out of business, which, as a rule, has been done pretty effectually. An "air-tight agreement" is one which binds the members of the combine to keep up the price of beef while it keeps down the price of cattle, and which is a violation alike of the Federal law and of the various State laws against combinations in restraint of trade and for the establishment of monopolies.

There will be much interesting reading furnished to the public if the proceedings against the Beef Trust are pushed, as there is every prospect that they will be.

## A LESSON IN HISTORY.

The visit of the French delegation to the unveiling of the Rochambeau monument should stimulate the study of American revolutionary history.

It would not be a bad plan if the lesson of this monument should be made the subject of a special course of instruction in every school in the country on the day of the ceremonies.

It detracts nothing from the due credit for the brave and heroic efforts of the Colonists to say that without French aid the revolution would have failed.

If Franklin's astute diplomacy had not shown the French Government its interest in helping us, and if the aid had been less efficient there is no doubt that the surrender would have taken place at Valley Forge instead of at Yorktown, that Washington instead of Cornwallis would have done the surrendering, and that this country would have remained indefinitely a dependency of the British crown.

This is the Rochambeau history lesson. It may shock our patriotic pride, but true patriotism begins with insisting on truth above all things.

## THE LAST STRAW FOR CUBA.

The Americanization of Cuba has gone to such length that not even the national sport dear to his heart, the bull fight, is left to the Cuban. It is true that an imitation of the old-time toreador exhibitions is still given. But the bull is tame, his horns are padded and plectoral and matador run less actual risk of physical injury than a New York pedestrian crossing an avenue before an eight-hour automobile. The panoramic spectacle is still there, but the realism is gone. It is not so lively now as Carmen and Jose at the Metropolitan.

This is as if an invading army had taken possession of free America and denied us baseball. We should revolt and expel the invader, moved thereto by the spirit of the Boston boys who paid their respects to Gov. Gage. But the Cuban has no recourse; the iron has entered his soul. There is no cheerful outlook for him, no confident manana. His climate is too warm for football, his blood too sluggish for glove contests and there is no other satisfying substitute which Uncle Sam can offer involving an equal amount of rough-and-tumble sport. There is the water cure, it is true, but the Philippines are too far away.

## EXPRESS SPEED AUTOMOBILINO.

A Minnesota State official flagged a fast express on the Duluth road the other day as the train was rushing through a small station. When he jumped aboard the conductor said: "Well, you certainly have your nerve about you to stop Mr. Schwab's special train." But the stop had been made, the President of the Steel Trust was in an amiable mood and the obstreperous official was permitted to ride into the Zenith City in the magnate's company.

It is interesting to surmise what might have happened to this official if he had been in Jersey Saturday and had had the temerity to flag Mr. Schwab's private gasoline locomotive as it came flying down the highway. The Steel President was indulging in his favorite weekly diversion of reducing the automobile record to Philadelphia, and it is hardly likely that his amiability would have stood the test of such an interruption. When a pant hard puffer is under full headway the loss of time in making a stop is almost equal to a locomotive's.

Happily no such untoward event occurred to the millionaire chauffeur, and the run was made in fifty-two minutes less than the record. The 103 miles were done at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. No teams or small boys got in the way, village officers where speed ordinances are in force kept discreetly out of sight, and except for the "time lost in the crowded streets of New York and Jersey City," Mr. Schwab had the road as much to himself as if it had been an automobile speedway. This absence of hazard added an element of monotony to the trip but assisted in reducing the time.

## The Funny Side of Life.

WHEN J. P. MORGAN OWNS THE EARTH.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN.

## "BUT NOT IN SEASON."

The Oyster's silent as a clam  
Since summer's come to us.  
And now the clam for favor grows  
Each day more clamorous.

## HIS FOREFATHERS.

"Our Sunday-school teacher told us today about the Patriarch Joseph sleeping five in a bed."  
"Why, Johnny! What an idea! You must have misunderstood her."  
"No, I didn't, either. She said: 'So Joseph died, and slept with his four fathers.'"

## LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"Art is long."  
"But artists are usually short."

## A SURE PREVENTIVE.

"I hear you have an infallible system for playing the races which insures you against having to walk home from the track."  
"I have. I make my bets in a post-room."

## A MATTER OF SKATING.

"In Alaska you will often see people on skates in midsummer."  
"That's nothing. At the race tracks you can see jockeys on skates any day, and a lot of winning backers, too, for that matter."

## BORROWED JOKES.

## CORNERED.

"The barkeepers had a dance the other night."  
"Well."  
"First number on the program was 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.'—Detroit Free Press."

## QUIET FORCE.

"De elephant," observed Uncle Eph'm, "kin put his foot down harder dan any animal dat walks, an' yit don't make no noise doin' n't."—Chicago Tribune.

## SOCIAL TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Selkirk-Horne—I was sorry I couldn't be there, but I understand Mrs. Upjohn's dinner was a great success.

Mrs. Jenner-Lee Oudego—It was the most brilliant success of the season. The people were packed so thick in her parlor they could hardly breathe, and more than a dozen new gowns were ruined in the crush at the dining room doors.—Chicago Tribune.

## SOMEBODIES.

BERNADETTE, PRINCE—son of the King of Sweden, is President of the local Y. M. C. A. and frequently preaches. He could not do more were his father King of Oil instead of Sweden.

CODMAN, BISHOP—of Maine, has just had a 60-foot steam yacht built for him. He may thus secure a better hold on the floating population.

FLYNN, DENNIS—delegate to Congress from Oklahoma, has an interstate record. Born in Pennsylvania, he lived in New York; was admitted to the Iowa bar, was an editor in Kansas and now represents Oklahoma.

HINKLE, SAMUEL—of Springfield, Ill., owns the leather hatbox Abraham Lincoln carried to Washington when first inaugurated.

WALLACE, GEN. AND MRS. LEW—celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding a few days ago.

## PUTTING AWAY SILK.

Silk should never be folded away for any length of time in white paper, since the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper produces a chemical change in the silk and impairs the color. A way to prevent silk or woollen turning yellow is to place pieces of beeswax in with the fabric when putting them away.

## TO LOVE.

If thou wouldst taste each dear surprise,  
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes.  
Within the heart love's vision lies.  
Dim, there the groping, mortal light  
Ere doubt can blind or fear can blight;  
Love's arrow is his spirit's flight.  
Lest thou shalt lose the dear surprise  
And seek to probe each mood's disguise—  
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes.  
—Y. W. Cloud in Harper's Magazine.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

**Rice Versus Tea.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will agricultural readers please explain to me why rice grows in China and Japan and in the United States, and yet why tea can't be raised in the United States as well as in China and Japan?  
W. G. MINDEN.

**A Matter of Temper.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I want to praise the good nature of the average New York crowd. On the "L" or cable car, as a rule, submit cheerfully to being crowded, robbed of seats and having people's feet wipod on their coats. It is only when we get to the ferries or on suburban Jersey trains that we meet with squabbles, scowls, gross words and even fights.



When J. P. Morgan owns the earth and swallows up a throne or two. He'll throw the poor uncrowned Crowned Heads a life-preserving bone or two. And nice fat jobs at three per week these Kings will then be folle'n; With maybe five for Eddie Gueph and Billy Hohenzollern.

## SOCIETY NOTE.



Mr. D. Pike Rhodes, who has been spending some time in the country, left Johnson's farm yesterday. He was given a great send off, but declined to say where he was going.

## WHAT SHE SAW.



Attorney (to witness)—You say you saw her riding by. What kind of a rig was it?  
Witness—I don't remember, but the woman had on a black leghorn hat, a mink boa, a gray walking suit trimmed with jet, cut broad in the revers and gored in the skirt, patent leather shoes and a saddle bag trimmed with chiffon and coral lace.

## PRACTICAL SENSE.



Mrs. Stockyards—Well, why doesn't she marry him?  
Miss Spenser—Oh, she says there's a stain on his family escutcheon.

## WASTED ENERGY.



The Mosquito—Well, this is tough luck! Here I've been drilling for half an hour through this chap's boot only to find that he's got a wooden leg!

## FALSE ALARM.



Hotel Guest—What's that?  
Bellboy—Towel, sir.  
Hotel Guest—Oh, all right; I thought it was some idiot sending up his card.

## HARD LINES.



First Tramp—Have any luck looking for work?  
Second Tramp—No. Found a job the first house I went to.

## NO CHANCE.



Cholly—And would I find Miss Goldie in to-morrow?  
Maid—Well you might if she didn't know you were coming.

## ODDITY CORNER.

## CANCER.

Long and careful inquiries by German doctors indicate that cancer is not probably hereditary, but that it is periodically contagious. In certain districts the number of sufferers in proportion to the population is much larger every year than in other areas. Dogs and cats in many instances become cancerous, but few horses and cattle are attacked. Men and women are stricken on the average earlier in life in this generation than in those which preceded it.

## HANDKERCHIEF.

In a book which has just been published on that never-failing topic, the vagaries of the English language, the strange meaning of the word "pocket handkerchief" is described. A "kerchief" (couverture) means a small piece of cloth made to put on the head, so that a "pocket handkerchief" means literally a small piece of cloth to cover the head to be held in the hand to be put in the pocket.

## DULL SHOES.

"A high polish on shoes is no longer considered good form," says a man of fashion. "It is going the way of the high gloss on linen. The laundryman has become convinced that the dull finish is what we want, but it is more difficult to penetrate the untutored mind of the bootblack."

## THE YUKON.

When free from ice the Yukon River is navigable for large steamers 1,995 miles, a distance more than twice as great as that from Chicago to New Orleans.

## CLEVER ANTS, THESE.

In the current number of the Zeitschrift für Entomologie Dr. Charles Schroeder gives a curious illustration of the wonderful intelligence of ants. During the summer of 1901, he says, a gentleman went to live, with his family, in a cottage near a forest, and a day or two later ants appeared from all directions and, annoyed him and his family greatly. Hoping to get rid of them gradually he destroyed one of their largest nests, and in order that they might not enter it again surrounded the fragments with sheets of fly paper.

The ants would have to pass over this paper if they wanted to rebuild their nest, and he argued that their feet would certainly be caught in the sticky substance. Next morning, however, he discovered that the ants were not quite such fools as he had supposed them to be. Instead of venturing on the sticky fly paper they had spent the hours of the night in covering it with grass, sand and dirt, and when this was done they had crowded back to the ruined nest and speedily rebuilt it. Dr. Schroeder vouches for the truth of this story and says that he has in his possession a portion of the fly paper.

## SAUCE FOR BAKED HAM.

A sauce to serve with baked ham is made thus: Put into a saucepan over the fire a heaping teaspoonful of butter and an equal amount of flour; stir them together until they are browned. Then gradually add a cup of highly seasoned stock and cook ten minutes. Add one cup of wine or cider; stir until it is hot. Then strain and serve.

## THIS IS LOVE'S PUZZLE.

Cut a piece of thin wood about four inches long and three quarters broad. Perforate it with three holes. Cut pieces of bone, cork or wood, into the shape of two hearts, and then arrange the whole upon strings, as in diagram. The puzzle is to get the two hearts upon the same loop. It is a good puzzle for lovers, and suggests the idea of the "union of hearts," of which, when solved, it may be considered a prognostic. The solution will be printed to-morrow.

## A FEW NEW OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye," says the professor of ligatures, main as he takes a watch in his hand, and lo! it disappears. Many other things deceive the eye, says a writer in the Montreal Star. In fact, the eye deceives itself, and such little deceits are called optical illusions.

A very common optical illusion is met with on the railway. Two trains are stationary side by side—you are in one, the other begins to move, and until you realize that there is no motion on the part of your train you are under the impression that it is your train that is moving; but it is not—you are the victim of an optical illusion.

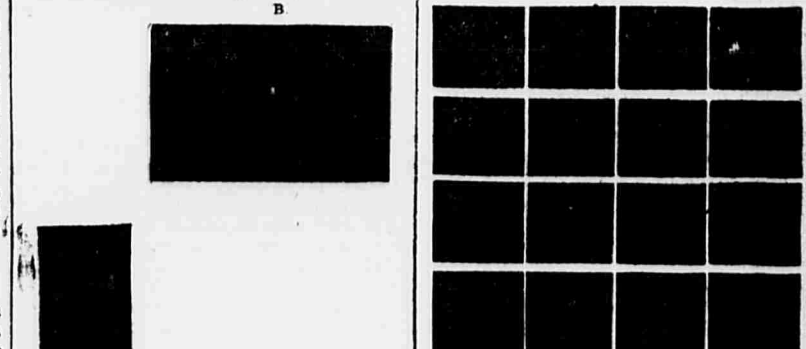
Here is a little illusion to perform before the mirror. Look into the glass, close the left eye, put your finger-tip over the reflection of the closed eye in the mirror, now close your right eye and at the same time open the left, keeping your finger on the mirror all the while. Your finger is no longer over your left eye, but over your right; yet neither you nor your finger has moved.

Optical illusions are around us everywhere, even in this very print which you are reading. Look here! Here is a large letter S. Please, Mr. Printer, one of the largest you have got. Thanks. Now look at this S; to all appearances the top half is as large as the bottom half. But no, you are deceived. Now, Mr. Printer, please oblige with another S, but upside down this time. It is very clear that the upper portion of the letter is not of the same size as the lower. The same it is with the figure 8.

A few 8's, Mr. Printer, please. 8 8 8 8. Now the same 8's upside down, 8's 8 8's.

You must all know that a vertical line always appears longer than a horizontal one. Here, in this letter T, of figure 1, you have a proof. The top bar seems much shorter than the upright. But, no; you are deceived once again.

It is the same thing with a fat man.



one another is a white square, but as we gaze at the diagram, the white space becomes blurred. It is very curious is it not?



The last of these illusions is not exactly new. It was used for a bicycle advertisement a while ago. But it is good enough to be reproduced in this connection. Gaze steadily at the picture of the man and the bike. Then gradually bring the paper up toward the eyes until the nose touches the little cross mark in front of the biker's head, and you will see the man gradually glide toward the bicycle and mount it.

## PHOUR PHONETIC PHANCIES.

## If Not, Why Not?

**The Touch.**  
A young man from far Martingue  
Had a job at three dollars a week.  
When he begged: "Make it five!"  
Said the boss: "Man alive!  
What your brain lacks you make up in chique!"

**Vernal.**  
There was an old near-sighted colonel  
Who wandered the woodlands so volent,  
Till he sat down to rest  
On a large horse's nest.  
When his language was something infolent.

**Mother-in-Law.**  
There was a young man who said: "Pshaw!  
I can't stand my Mother-in-law!  
If a man should once try  
To treat me thus, I  
Would land him out one on the jaw!"

**Chumley.**  
A young English lordling named Cholmondeley  
Loved an heiress more wealthy than colmondeley,  
And she turned up her nose  
When he tried to propose.  
So, henceforth, he must worship her dolmondeley.

A. P. TERRUNE.

## UNBURGLARABLE LETTER BOXES.

Experiments are being made in France with one invention and in England with another for the purpose of preventing thieves from extracting letters from public letter boxes. In the French invention steel teeth are placed close to the mouth of the box, while the British invention consists of a wire arrangement inside the pillar box. The weight of the letters carries them through the cage, but they cannot be pulled up by a piece of string and something else, the usual means adopted by the letter thief.